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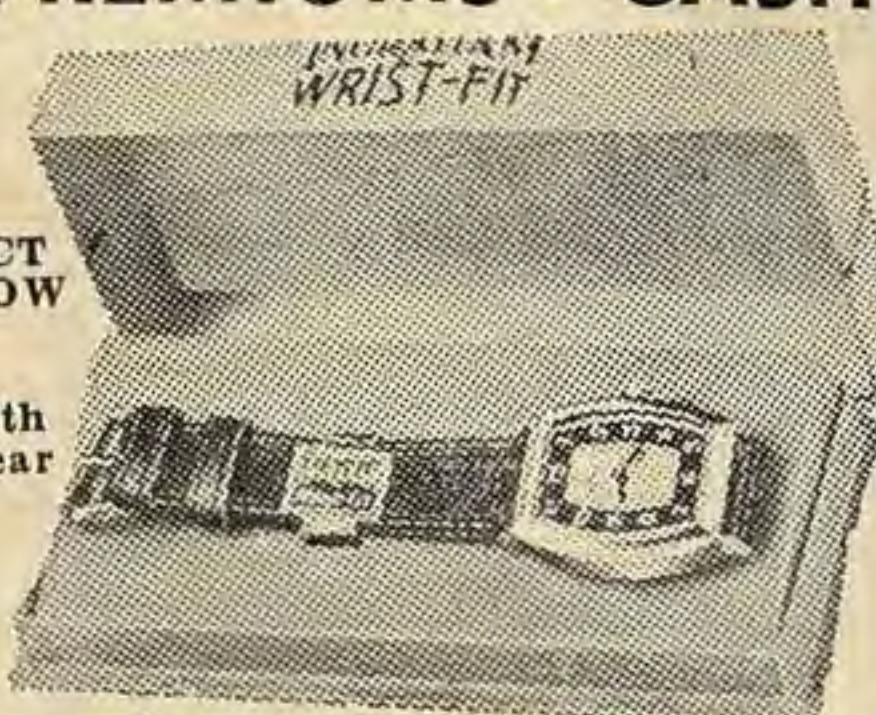
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Year



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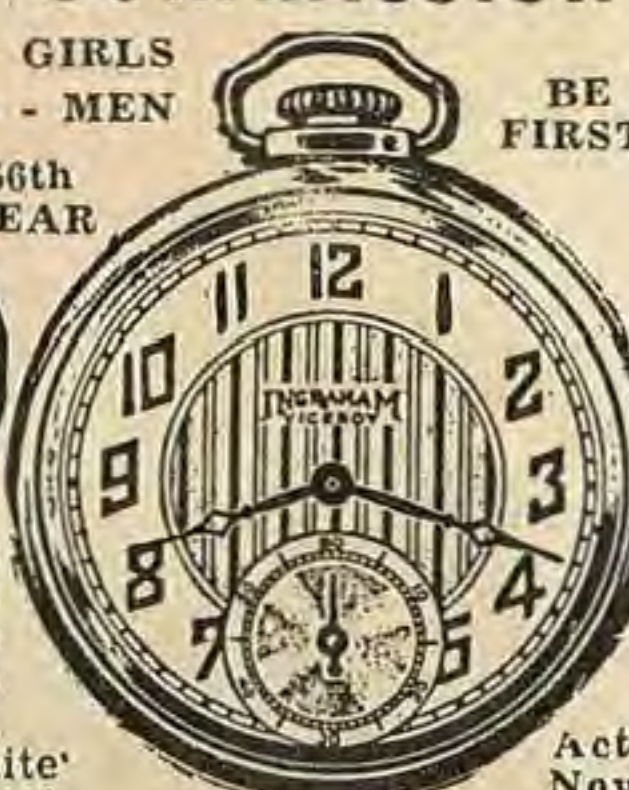
ACT
NOW



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

56th
YEAR

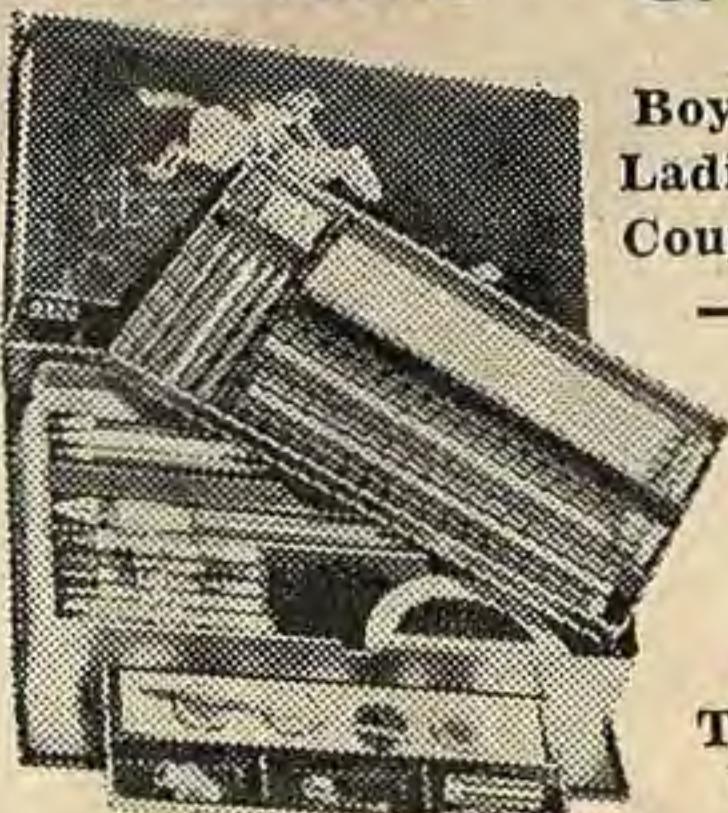
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Be
First

Act
Now

Our
56th
Year

Mail

OUR
56th
YEAR

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



ACT
NOW

BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P-27, TYRONE, PA.**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Zone
Town No. State.....
Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

The HOODED HORSEMAN

YOU WOULDN'T BE HANGING AROUND HERE IF MY FATHER WAS ALIVE, TOMSTONE SMITH! FOR THE LAST TIME... I DON'T WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!

MEBBE WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT THIS RUCKUS IS ABOUT, FLASH!

YES, PARDNER... BUD FRASER HAS DEVELOPED A HANDY KNACK OF LOOKING INTO RUCKUSES... EVER SINCE HIS SHERIFF FATHER SHOT IT OUT WITH BANDITS BACK IN MESA CITY AND DIED WITH HIS GUN SMOKING! FROM THAT DAY, BUD HAS PACKED THOSE GUNS... HUNTING DOWN OUTLAWRY WITH HIS DOG FLASH... AND SMASHING IT IN THE FORBIDDING BLACK GARB OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

COYOTE CENTER TRADING POST



YOU MIGHT AS WELL OFFER YOUR THREE HUNDRED COWHIDES SOMEWHERE ELSE... BECAUSE **NOTHING'S** GOING TO CHANGE MY MIND!

MEBBE A **KISS** WILL SHOW YUH I'VE GOT A POWERFUL WAY O' COAXIN', GAL!



I DON'T RECKON YUH'D BETTER TRY THAT, HOMBRE!





YUH'RE GOIN' TUH
LEARN WHAT IT MEANS
TUH TANGLE WITH **TOMB-
STONE SMITH**,
STRANGER!
**GIT 'EM
UP!**



CRACK!



IF YUH KIN
TAKE A HINT,
TOMBSTONE...
IT'S TIME TUH
VAMOOSE!

YUH'RE NOT
SAVIN' YORE
HIDE **THAT**
EASY,
MISTER!



I SAID
VAMOOSE...
SAVVY?

BANG!



YUH MAY BE RIDIN'
HIGH **NOW**, YUH VARMINT
...BUT TAKE MUH WORD
FER IT... **YUH'RE
GOIN' TUH LEAVE
COYOTE CENTER
FEET FIRST!**

ANY TIME YUH
AIM TUH TRY,
TOMBSTONE
...**I'LL BE
HERE!**



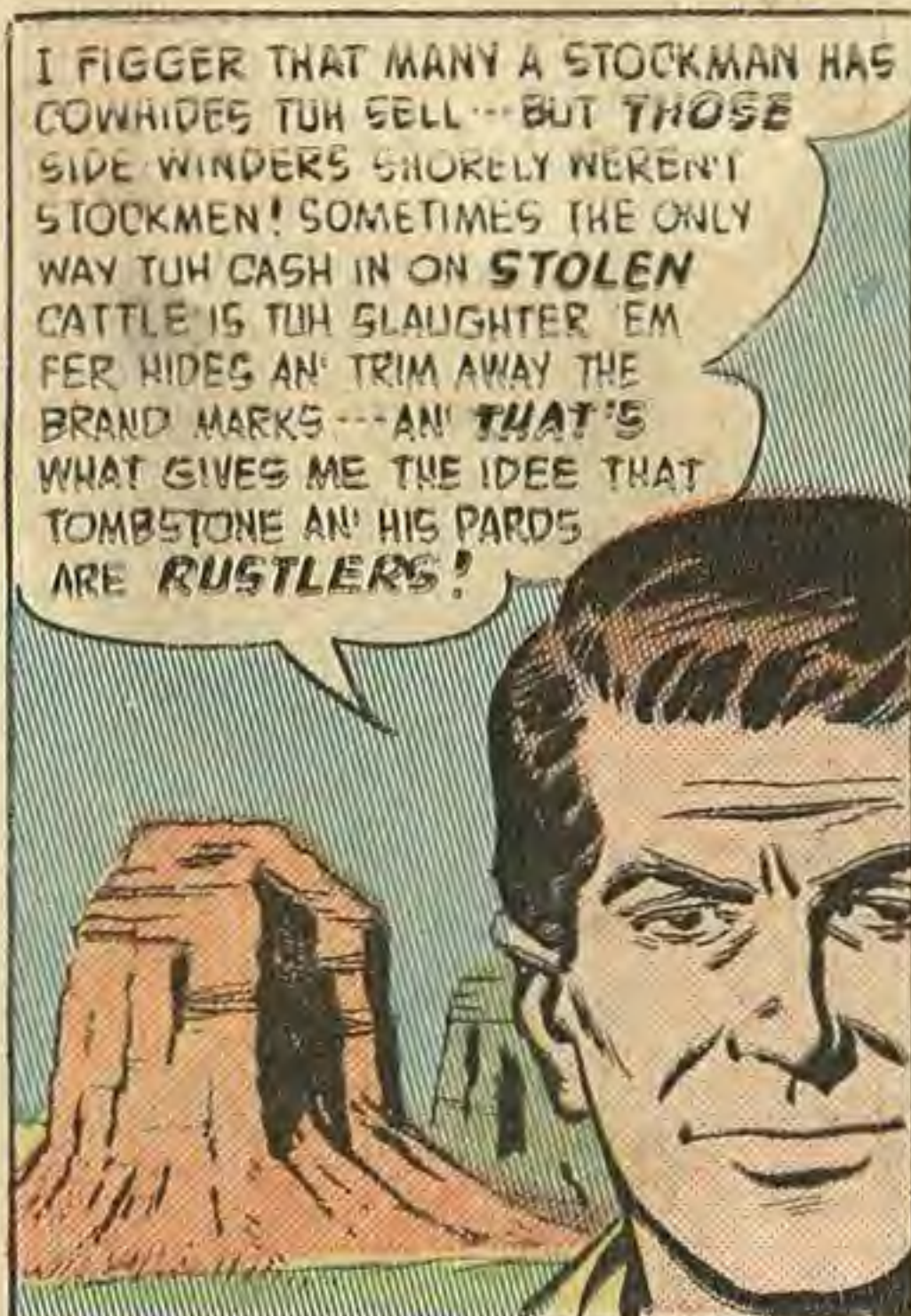
WE'RE UP AGAINST A GALOOT
WHO KIN HANDLE HIMSELF,
TOMBSTONE... AN' THAR'LL BE
A PASSEL O' TROUBLE IF HIS
DOG HAPPENS TUH PICK UP
OUR TRAIL OUT ON THE
RANGE! IF WE **PLUG** THE
VARMINT... IT'LL MEAN THE
RISK O' HAVIN' THE SLUG
MATCHED WITH THE ONE
THAT KILLED **DOREEN
BAILEY'S FATHER!**

THAR'S **ONE** THING THAT'LL
KEEP THAT MUTT FROM NOSIN'
AROUND OUR HIDEOUT...
ANOTHER DOG! WE'LL
MOSEY BACK TUH TOWN
TONIGHT... **AN' MAKE OFF
WITH THE MEANEST,
SCRAPPIEST CRITTER
WE KIN
FIND!**



I'M PLUMB SORRY
TUH HEAR YORE
FATHER WAS AMBUSHED
BY RUSTLERS LAST
MONTH, **DOREEN**...
SHORE WISH I COULD
DO SOMETHIN'
ABOUT **THAT!**

I'M GRATEFUL FOR
WHAT YOU'VE DONE
ALREADY, **BUD**... BUT
WHAT MADE YOU
DECIDE TO HELP
ME?



I FIGGER THAT MANY A STOCKMAN HAS COWRIDES TUH SELL... BUT **THOSE** SIDE WINDERS SHORELY WEREN'T STOCKMEN! SOMETIMES THE ONLY WAY TUH CASH IN ON **STOLEN** CATTLE IS TUH SLAUGHTER 'EM FER HIDES AN' TRIM AWAY THE BRAND MARKS... AN' **THAT'S** WHAT GIVES ME THE IDEA THAT **TOMBSTONE** AN' HIS PARDS ARE **RUSTLERS!**



EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S MUCH YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY... I MEAN... **TONIGHT!**

RECKON NOT! MEBBE I'D JEST AS WELL BE SITTIN' WITH **YUH** ON YORE FRONT PORCH... SAY AROUND EIGHT O'CLOCK!



MINUTES LATER...
SHORE LOOKS LIKE A JOB FER THE **HOODED HORSEMAN...** BUT WHETHER FLASH TEAMS UP WITH ME OR NOT... SEEIN' HIM AROUND TOWN MAY PUT **TOMBSTONE** ON HIS GUARD! SO I'M GOIN' TUH MAKE SHORE FLASH **ISN'T** SPOTTED AROUND COYOTE CENTER!



AT THE HOTEL BAR

NAME YORE PIZEN, SON! WHAT WE HAVEN'T GOT... WE KIN SEND OUT FER!

I'LL CALL YUH ON THAT, PARDNER! I'M LOOKIN' FER A SHEEP SHEARS AN' A BOTTLE O' BLACK HAIR DYE!



SOON AFTERWARD

WUF!

DON'T RECKON YUH LIKE THE IDEA, FLASH... BUT AT LEAST UNTIL YORE FUR GROWS BACK IN... **YUH'RE** GOIN' TUH BE DISGUISED, TOO!



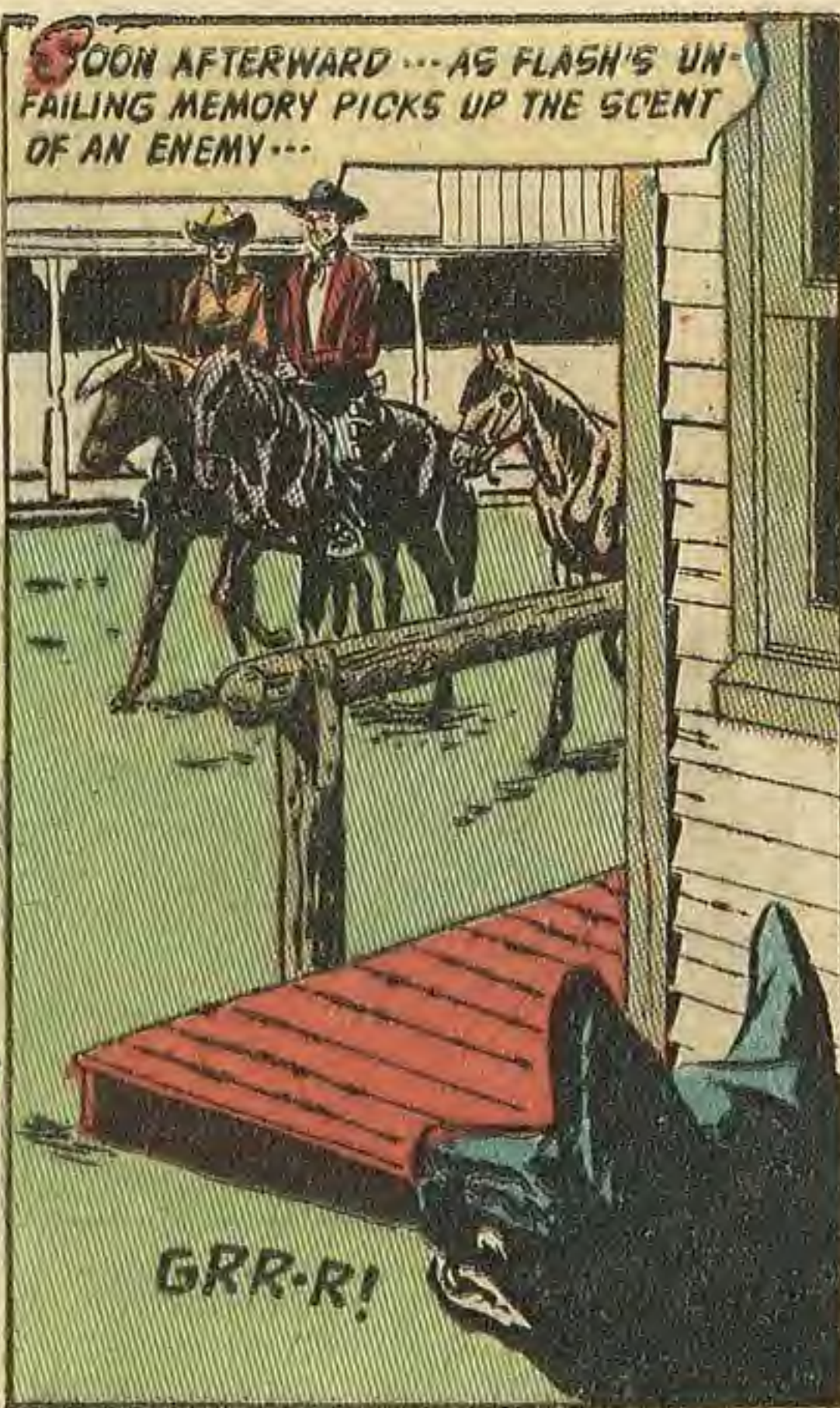
PERK UP, FLASH... THIS HERE DYE JOB WON'T BE PERMANENT! AN' EVEN IF YUH **LOOK** DIFFERENT... YUH'RE STILL TOP DOG FER **MY** MONEY!



THAT NIGHT...

BOW...
WOW...
WOW!

NOPE... YUH'VE GOT TUH SKYLARK AROUND ON YORE LONESOME, FLASH! THAR'S NO USE DISGUISIN' YUH IF WE'RE GOIN' TUH BE SEEN TOGETHER... SO JEST TAKE IN THE SIGHTS UNTIL I GIT BACK!



AS THE OUTLAWS GALLOP OFF...

IT'S A MITE DARK FER GUNPLAY... BUT I AIM TUH PALAVER WITH ONE O' THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



POW!

I HEARD THIS RUCKUS THREE BLOCKS AWAY... AN' I MIGHT O' KNOWN ONE O' TOMBSTONE'S WADDIES WOULD BE MIXED UP IN IT!



WHAR'S TOMBSTONE HOLIN' IN? START MOVIN' YORE JAW... **PRONTO!**

HOLD ON, THAR! WE JEST BLEW INTUH TOWN TUH PICK UP A STRAY DOG... AN' THAR'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH **THAT!** WE'VE BEEN CAMPIN' IN THE SAME SPOT FER FOUR MONTHS, AN' THE SHERIFF HASN'T PROVED NOTHIN' AGAINST US... SO IF YUH HANKER TUH GIT TOMBSTONE... **GO FIND HIM!**



I'M WILLIN' TUH HOLD THIS HOMBRE ON SUSPICION... BUT THE LAW SAYS HE'LL HAVE TUH BE RELEASED WITHIN TWELVE HOURS UNLESS THAR'S A DEFINITE CHARGE!

GOOD ENOUGH, SHERIFF! JEST LET **ME** HANDLE THIS WADDY'S HOSS... AN' **TOMBSTONE!**



SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN...

I'VE GOT MORE'N **ONE** REASON FER HUNTIN' DOWN TOMBSTONE SMITH! I'M SHORE FLASH MET UP WITH THE GANG JEST BEFORE I DID... AN' HE'D BE BACK NOW UNLESS **SOMETHIN'** WENT WRONG!



Then, with BLACK THUNDERHEADS PILED AGAINST THE SUNRISE... THE HOODED HORSEMAN SETS OUT ON THE ACCOMPLICE'S MOUNT!

VAMOOSE, BRONC... I'M GIVIN' YUH YORE HEAD! YUH HAVEN'T BEEN FED FER NEARLY A DAY... AN' IF THE GANG'S BEEN HOLED IN FER FOUR MONTHS, I RECKON YUH'LL KNOW YORE GRAZIN' GROUND... AN' **TAKE ME THAR!**

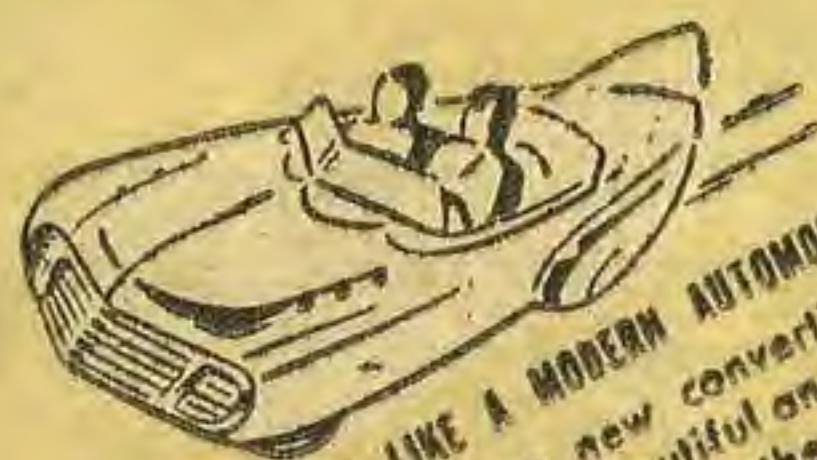








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BLIND MURDER

IT WAS LATE afternoon when Luke Simmons awoke, and he found himself blinking his eyes painfully against the bright white glare that filled the ranch-house bedroom. For a moment, he closed his eyes, trying to understand why the glare should be so bright...and then he remembered. It had been snowing hard all last night while he'd been in town, drinking, carousing and gambling with the money he'd gotten for the sale of the ranch...and by the time he'd staggered back to the ranch at five in the morning, the snow had stopped and the sky had begun to clear. So the white glare must be coming from the reflection of the sun's rays off the snow-covered ground.

It would be a bad day to be out riding on the flat Texas Panhandle, because any rider would be running the risk of snow-blindness today...but Luke knew he couldn't let that stop him from leaving the ranch. He *had* to get out today, before old man Parker returned and found out that Luke had sold the ranch from under him.

While he was packing, Luke thought contemptuously how the old man had trusted him. Luke had first come into the Panhandle just six months ago, barely escaping a pursuing posse. And when he'd ridden into Paloduro and found old man Parker weeping over the grave of his only son, who'd just been killed, Luke had recognized the old man as a soft touch...and he'd immediately volunteered to help Parker out at his ranch.

In the six months that followed, Luke had acted just like a son to the bereaved rancher...and had played the part so well that Parker had taken the deceptively boyish-looking Luke to his heart, and had even made him a full partner in the ranch. Then, when Parker decided to visit his brother in Brazos two days ago, Luke knew his chance had come to clean up and get out.

Last night he'd sold his half of the ranch for \$30,000 to Parker's worst enemy, Gil Carter, who had paid much more than the actual value just to get his hands on the Parker ranch and eventually squeeze old man Parker out. It was all legal, and Luke had nothing to fear from the law...but he knew he'd better get out before Parker returned and found out what he'd done.

Two rifle shots suddenly sounded outside the ranch-house, and Luke hurried to the window. A sudden stab of fear gripped him as he saw it was old man Parker himself riding toward the house, firing another three shots into the air. Then Luke grinned...the old man must have been on a binge last night to be firing shots wildly like that. And this was his chance to get the *other* half of the ranch, Luke knew...since Parker had left Luke all his property in his will.

One shot from Luke's rifle, and Parker dropped to the ground. Luke didn't even bother going to the body, for he was a crack shot, and was sure the old man was dead. Instead, he rode into town for the sheriff.

Two hours later, while Sheriff Welles was examining the body, Luke said, "Like I told yuh, sheriff, it was a clear case o' self-defense. He must've heard about muh selling half the ranch tuh Carter, an' then he came gunnin' fer me. He fired five shots at me, all of them barely missin' me...an' I *had* tuh plug 'im!"

"Yuh're lyin'." the sheriff said, standing up and holding his gun on Luke. "Parker *couldn't* have fired at yuh, because he was *snow-blind*! Snow-blindness makes a man cry, an' the tears that Parker didn't wipe away froze where they flowed, freezin' his eyes shut. He must've been shootin' his rifle because he didn't know where he was and wanted help. So yuh *didn't* shoot him in self-defense...an' yuh'll *bang* fer his murder!"

Famous Western Lawmen

ONE OF THE GREATEST WESTERN LAWMEN OF ALL TIME WAS **JAMES BUNYAN HUME**, WHO CAME TO CALIFORNIA AS A RAW-BONED YOUTH OF 23 IN 1850...AND WHO SOON DEMONSTRATED HIS INSTINCTS FOR LAW-ENFORCEMENT!

OUTA MUH WAY...
UNLESS YUH ALL
WANT TUH **DIE!**

WHY, THOSE TOWNSMEN ARE
RUNNIN' FROM THAT OUTLAW
INSTEAD O' GIVIN' HIM WHAT
HE DESERVES!



WHA... THAT KID
IS OUTSHOOTIN'
**DEADEYE
GRISWOLD!**

**BANG!
BANG!**

OWWW!

AFTER A FEW MORE EPISODES LIKE THAT, THE TOWNSMEN OF PLACERVILLE UNANIMOUSLY DECIDED THAT THEY NEEDED A MAN OF HUME'S COURAGE AND GUN-SLINGING ABILITY TO KEEP THE PEACE...AND MADE HIM THE **YOUNGEST MARSHAL IN THE WEST!**



THE MARSHAL'S FAME SPREAD THROUGH THE COUNTRY-SIDE...AND HIS DEEDS AS A LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICER SOON WON HIM A PROMOTION TO THE **SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN EL DORADO COUNTY!**



EL DORADO
COUNTY
JAIL

GIT IN THAR,
YUH POLE-
CAT!

BUT SHERIFF HUME WASN'T CONTENT TO CONFINED HIMSELF TO EL DORADO COUNTY...AND HE BEGAN ROAMING ALL THROUGH CALIFORNIA, FERRETING OUT AND SHOOTING DOWN OUTLAWS AND HIGHWAYMEN WHO HAD ELUDED CAPTURE FOR YEARS!



THE YOUNG SHERIFF'S REPUTATION GREW UNTIL THE ENTIRE WEST KNEW HIS NAME! IN SEPTEMBER, 1872, THE GOVERNOR OF NEVADA SENT AN URGENT MESSAGE ACROSS THE STATE LINE THAT HE BADLY NEEDED A MAN LIKE JIM HUME!

SHERIFF HUME, I'VE GOT A BIG JOB FOR YOU...AS **WARDEN OF THE CARSON CITY PRISON!** THAT PRISON IS FILLED WITH THE WORST MURDERERS AND DESPERADOES IN THE WEST...BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO **KEEP THEM THERE!** THERE'S BEEN ONE JAILBREAK AFTER ANOTHER...AND FOUR DEADLY KILLERS ESCAPED ONLY LAST WEEK!

SET YORE MIND
AT REST, GUV'NOR...
**I'M TAKIN'
OVER AS
WARDEN!**



AS SOON AS THE INMATES HEARD WHO THE NEW WARDEN WAS, THEY BECAME MODEL PRISONERS... BECAUSE ALL KNEW THAT IF THEY BROKE OUT, JIM HUME WOULD TRACK THEM DOWN TO THEIR DEATHS!

BAH, NOT A SINGLE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE SINCE I BECAME WARDEN! I CAN'T STAND THIS INACTIVITY... RECKON I'LL GO AFTER THE LAST FOUR KILLERS WHO BROKE OUT OF HERE!



BY TRAIN, STAGECOACH AND HORSEBACK, JIM HUME TRACKED THE ESCAPED CONVICTS DOWN! TWO HE CAPTURED IN CALIFORNIA, ANOTHER IN OREGON, AND THE LAST IN UTAH... AND ALL WERE BROUGHT BACK TO CARSON CITY PRISON!



THEN, IN 1873, LLOYD TEVIS AND JOHN J. VALENTINE, THE HEADS OF WELLS FARGO EXPRESS COMPANY, SENT FOR THE FAMED LAWMAN...

HUME, WE'RE OFFERING YOU THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE WEST... **AS HEAD OF THE WELLS FARGO POLICE ORGANIZATION!** PRACTICALLY EVERY HIGHWAYMAN AND OUTLAW WEST OF MISSOURI IS AFTER THE MILLIONS IN GOLD AND CASH OUR STAGES CARRY... AND **YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN STOP THEM!**

SOUNDS LIKE MIGHTY **INTERESTIN'** WORK, GENTLEMEN! I'LL TAKE THAT JOB!



FOR 32 YEARS, CAPTAIN HUME REMAINED AS HEAD OF THE WELLS FARGO POLICE FORCE, BUILDING UP AN ORGANIZATION THAT MEANT ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH FOR WOULD-BE HIGHWAYMEN! HUME HIMSELF OFTEN TRAVELED AS A PASSENGER ON GOLD-LADEN STAGECOACHES... TO THE REGRET OF MANY A HOLDUP MAN!



HUME BECAME KNOWN AS A LAWMAN WHO NEVER GAVE UP ON A CHASE! EVEN AT THE AGE OF 76, HE TRACKED AN OUTLAW INTO MICHIGAN... AND GOT HIS MAN!



TO THE VERY MINUTE OF HIS DEATH ON MAY 18TH, 1904, JAMES HUME WAS ON THE JOB FOR WELLS FARGO, GIVING INSTRUCTIONS AS TO HOW HIS AIDES WERE TO CAPTURE THE PERPETRATORS OF THE COPLEY TRAIN ROBBERY!

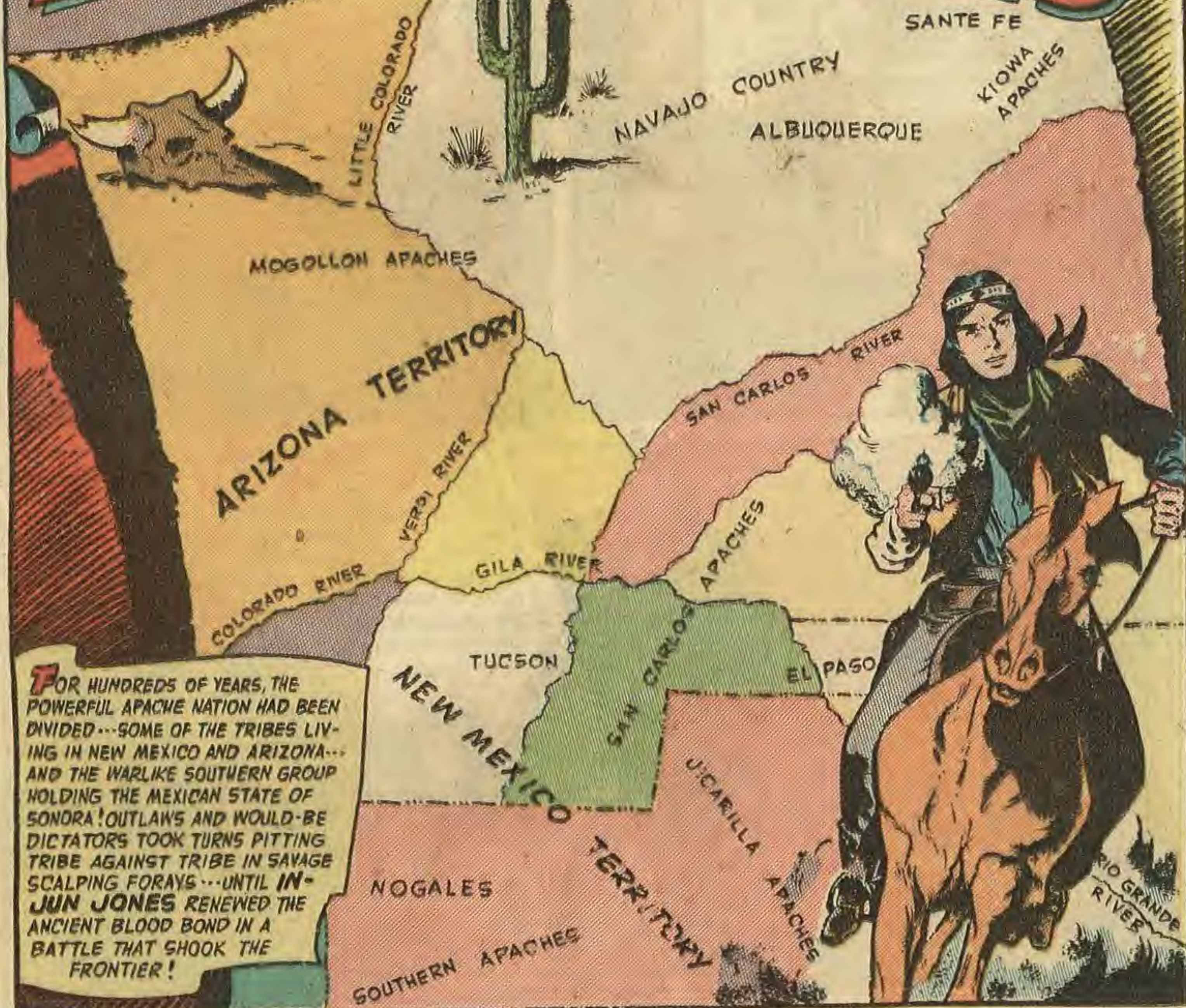
LISTEN... GASP!... I'M SINKING! TRACE BANKNOTE NUMBERS... ON CURRENCY... TAKEN FROM COPLEY TRAIN... OHHHH!



AND ONE OF THE GREATEST LAWMEN OF THE WEST DIED IN HARNESS, THINKING ONLY OF ENFORCING THE LAW HE WAS SWORN TO PROTECT!

THE END! (2)

INJUN JONES



FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, THE POWERFUL APACHE NATION HAD BEEN DIVIDED...SOME OF THE TRIBES LIVING IN NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA...AND THE WARLIKE SOUTHERN GROUP HOLDING THE MEXICAN STATE OF SONORA! OUTLAWS AND WOULD-BE DICTATORS TOOK TURNS PITTING TRIBE AGAINST TRIBE IN SAVAGE SCALPING FORAYS...UNTIL **INJUN JONES** RENEWED THE ANCIENT BLOOD BOND IN A BATTLE THAT SHOOK THE FRONTIER!

UNITED, THE APACHES COULD MUSTER FIVE THOUSAND BRAVES...AND THE FATE OF EVERY ONE OF THEM WOULD BE DECIDED BY THE STEELY-EYED DESPERADO WHO RODE TOWARD THE MEXICAN FORT AT DOS ARROYOS...
TOMAHAWK STACY!



MINUTES LATER...

MUH PARDS AN' ME DIDN'T TRAVEL FIFTY MILES FER A HEAP O' PALAVER, GENERAL POSADA! WHAT'S ON YORE MIND?

REVOLUTION! I INTEND TO SET UP A DICTATORSHIP IN MEXICO...AND THE EASIEST WAY TO WIN POPULAR SUPPORT WILL BE TO REGAIN THE OLD MEXICAN TERRITORY NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE! USING **TROOPS** WOULD MEAN WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES...SO I'M SENDING OUR MEXICAN APACHES ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE NAVAJO IN ARIZONA!



WITH THE NAVAJO DRIVEN OUT, THE AMERICANS WON'T DARE INTERFERE-- BECAUSE **THAT** WOULD MEAN TROUBLE WITH RED CLOUD'S WARRIORS-- **THE FIERCEST FIGHTERS IN THE SOUTH-WEST! THEY'RE APACHES, TOO--** AND IN A SHOWDOWN ...THEY'D STAND BY THEIR BLOOD BROTHERS FROM MEXICO!

THAT'S ONE THING YUH'RE FORGITTIN', POBADA-- **INJUN JONES!**

HE'S GOT A BIG SAY IN RED CLOUD'S WAR COUNCIL ---AN' HE ISN'T GOIN' TUH LET AMERICAN TERRITORY BE CORRALED BY MEXICAN REDSKINS-- EVEN IF THEY **ARE APACHES!**

THAT BRINGS ME TO **YOUR** PART OF THE JOB, TOMAHAWK! WITH- OUT INJUN JONES, RED CLOUD WON'T LIFT A FINGER TO HELP HIS OLD ENEMIES, THE NAVAJO-- **WITHOUT INJUN JONES, THE AMER- ICAN FLAG WILL SOON BE FOR- GOTTEN IN ARIZONA!**

FIND HIM... **AND KILL HIM!**

SPLANG!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THIS STORY THAT MEXICAN APACHES HAVE CROSSED THE BORDER, INJUN? SURELY RED CLOUD'S SCOUTS WOULD SPOT STRANGE INDIANS PRETTY QUICKLY!

MEBBE! BUT WHEN AN APACHE WAR PARTY TAKES COVER, **NOTHIN'** KIN FIND 'EM-- NOT EVEN AN- **OTHER APACHE!**

SOON AFTERWARD-- ON A SLOPE OVERLOOKING THE TRAIL--

MEBBE WE'LL HAVE TUH WAIT FER **HOURS**, TOMAHAWK! THE **BEST** WAY TUH GIT INJUN JONES WILL BE TUH MOSEY INTUH TOWN AN' AMBUSH HIM AT THE HOOSEGOW-- BUT I KEEP THINKIN' O' THE HALF A DOZEN DEAD HOMBRES WHO TRIED JEST **THAT!**

SHUT YORE YAP ---**HE'S COMIN'!** GIT READY WITH YORE ROPE, DUSTY!

A MOMENT LATER--

GOT HIM! INJUN JONES' FAST DRAW WON'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD **THIS TIME!**

GOOD HEAVENS!

WITH SPLIT SECOND SPEED--

BANG!



UNEXPECTEDLY...
RECKON THIS'LL GIT THE RUCKUS OFF TUH A GOOD START, YUH RENEGADE!



AS INJUN WHIRLS...
YEP...AN' THIS'LL FINISH IT!



YOU COWARDLY BRUTE! STOP ...DON'T TOUCH ME!

THIS HOMBRE'S SHORE PICKED UP A HEAP O' FIGHTIN' TRICKS...LIVIN' LIKE AN APACHE!



YEP, AN' MEBBE HE'D HANKER TUH DIE LIKE AN APACHE ...SLOW! YUH REMEMBER THE DEVIL'S MOUTH?

QUICKSAND... AT THE BOTTOM OF A TWENTY-FOOT PIT! YUH'VE GOT AN IDEE THAR, TOMAHAWK!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...
UNLESS YUH'RE YALLER CLEAR UP TUH YORE HAIR-LINE, TOMAHAWK...YUH'LL GIVE ME A FIGHTIN' CHANCE! AN' IF YUH HAVEN'T THE SPUNK FER GUNPLAY...I'M READY TUH SLUG IT OUT MAN FER MAN!

YUH'VE GOT YORE-SELF A RUCKUS, HOMBRE-



... AN' HERE'S MUH FIRST PUNCH!

OH!



SPLASH!



HE'LL NEVER GIT OUT O' THAR ALIVE, TOMAHAWK! NOW THE MEXICAN APACHES WHO'VE BEEN GATHERIN' JEST ABOVE THE BORDER KIN RIDE LIKE A HOWLIN' STAMPEDE... AN' CATCH THE NAVAJO OFF GUARD!

YOU MONSTER! YOU'D BETTER THROW ME IN THERE, TOO... BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE SAFE AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE!



WE'RE TAKIN' YUH TO POSADA'S FORT AT DOS ARROYOS, GAL! MEBBE OL' RED CLOUD WILL DECIDE TUH PITCH IN TUH PROTECT AMERICAN TERRITORY...AN' THEN IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEE TUH LET HIM KNOW YUH WON'T BE ALIVE FER LONG!



MINUTES LATER...

THAR'S NO USE STRUGGLIN'...IT JEST MEANS SINKIN' DEEPER AN' DEEPER! BUT I'VE GOT MUH KNIFE...AN' I KIN TRUST MUH BRONC TUH STAND UP THAR WITHOUT MOVIN' AN EYELASH!



IT'S JEST A LITTLE LEATHER THONG... HOLDIN' MUH LARIAT TUH THE SADDLE...AN' IF I MISS, RED CLOUD'S GOIN' TUH BE CHANTIN' A DEATH SONG... FER ME!



STEADY, BOY!

THWOK

WHINIEEE!



AMBLE ALONG THAR, BRONC! THAT'S IT... GIT MOVIN'!



PARDNER, THE DAY I SETTLE DOWN AN' GIT ME A RANCH...IT'S GOIN' TUH INCLUDE TEN ACRES O' CLOVER FER YUH!

WHINIEEE!



NEXT STEP IS TUH FIND WHAR TOMAHAWK STACY'S TAKEN VICKIE! MUH ONLY CHANCE IS TUH MEET UP WITH A BRAVE WHO MIGHT'VE SPOTTED 'EM ON THE TRAIL!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND...

MOCCASIN TRACKS! THESE REDSKINS MUST'VE BEEN HERE JEST A FEW MINUTES AGO ---OR THE WIND WOULD'VE COVERED THEIR FOOT-PRINTS!



THEN...

YAAA-HOO!
DISMOUNT, PALEFACE
---AND SURRENDER!

BANG!

HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS
---THIS IS A FINE TIME
TUH BE CAUGHT WITHOUT
SHOOTIN' IRONS! HE'S
A WAR CHIEF... O' THE
**SOUTHERN
APACHES!**

YUH'RE MAKIN' A
MISTAKE, CHIEF!
I'M INJUN JONES
---BLOOD BROTHER
TUH RED CLOUD!
OUR TRIBES ARE THE
SAME PEOPLE... NOT
ENEMIES!

RED CLOUD'S WARRIORS
ARE COWARDS... WHO BOAST
ABOUT THE NAVAJO SCALPS
THEIR **FATHERS** TOOK! WE
ARE THE **FIGHTING**
APACHES... AND WHERE
WE RIDE... **NO NAVAJO
WILL LIVE!**

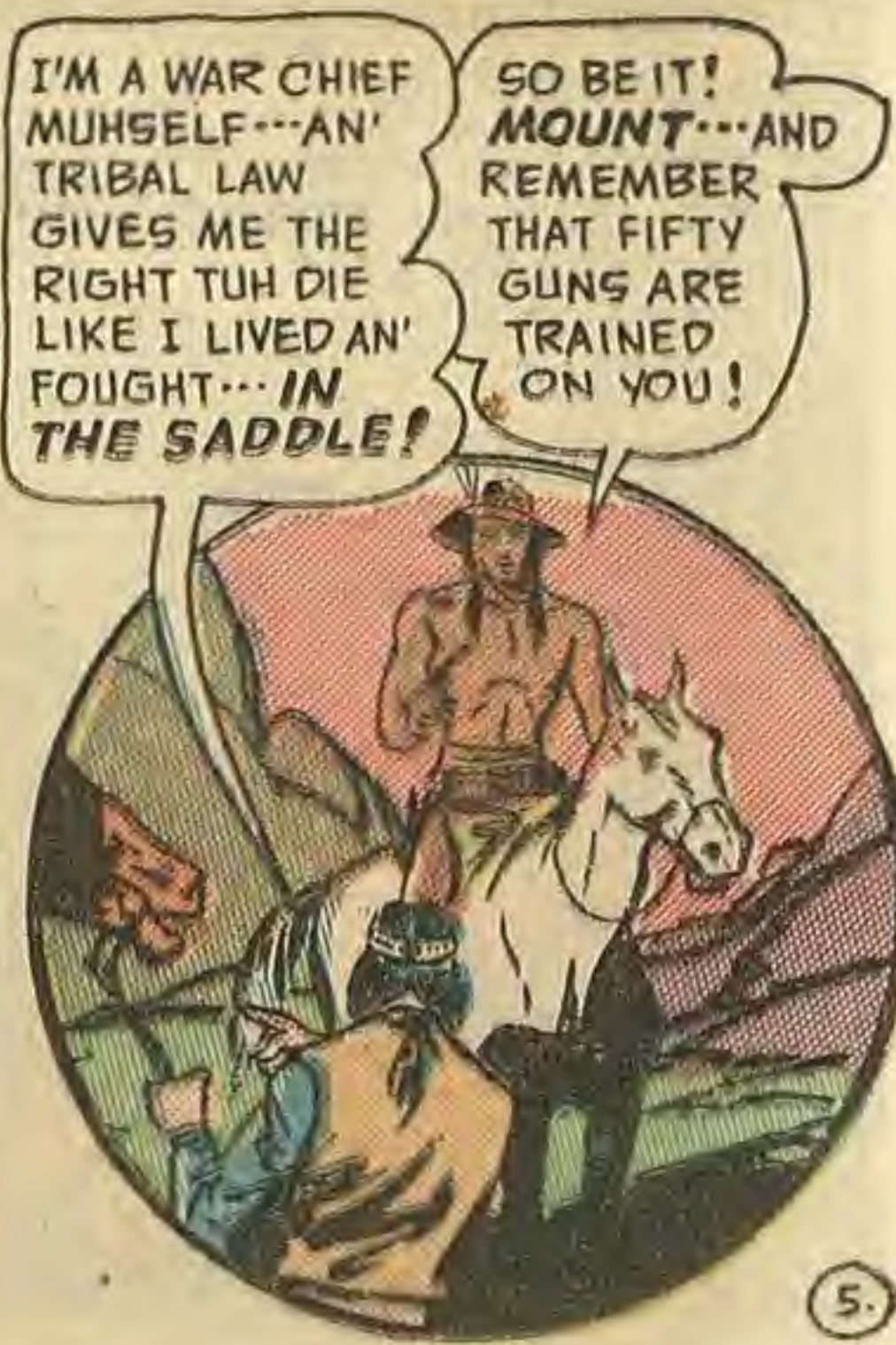


DO NOT TRUST
A PALEFACE,
THUNDER ARROW!
DO NOT LET
HIM LIVE TO
WARN THE
NAVAJO!

KILL
HIM,
THUNDER
ARROW!



WAIT! YUH
WON'T GIT ME
TUH PLEAD FER
MUH LIFE... BUT
**REMEMBER
WHO I AM!**



I'M A WAR CHIEF
MUHSELF... AN'
TRIBAL LAW
GIVES ME THE
RIGHT TUH DIE
LIKE I LIVED AN'
FOUGHT... **IN
THE SADDLE!**

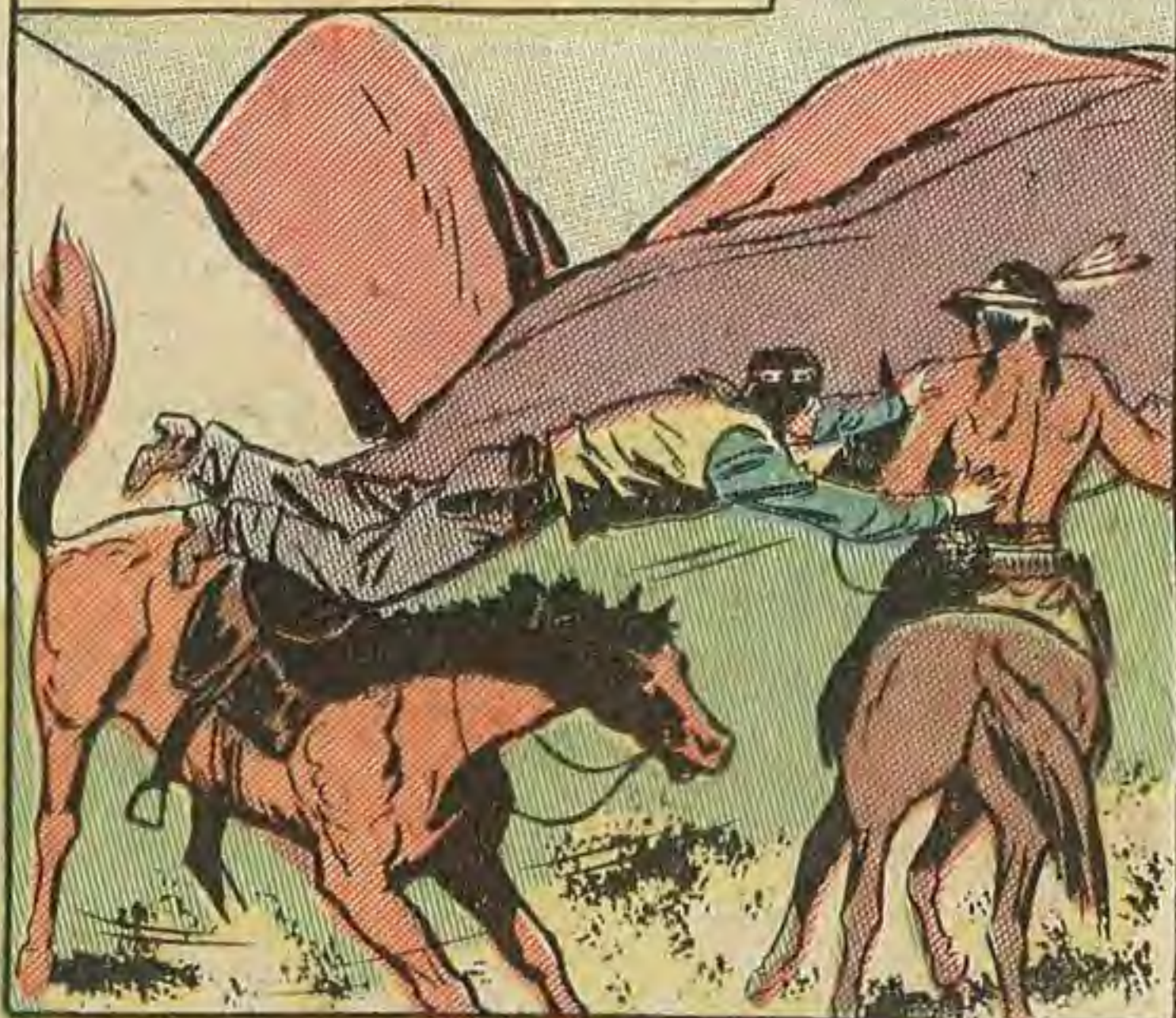
SO BE IT!
**MOUNT... AND
REMEMBER
THAT FIFTY
GUNS ARE
TRAINED
ON YOU!**

WHATEVER HAPPENS,
BRONC ...STICK CLOSE!
SAVVY?

WHINIEEE!



THE NEXT SECOND SEES A QUICK TUG AT THE REINS
...AND WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...



WAIT! MISS
INJUN JONES
...AND YOU
HIT THUNDER
ARROW!

GIT MOVIN', THUNDER
ARROW...OR I'LL BLAST
YUH PLUMB OUT O'
YORE WAR PAINT!



A MOMENT LATER...

THIS TRICK HAS GIVEN YOU
BORROWED TIME, INJUN
JONES...BUT MY BRAVES
WILL FOLLOW UNTIL
THEY TAKE YOUR
SCALP!

MEBBE...BUT NOW
THAT I'VE FOUND WHAR
YORE HOSSES ARE
GRAZIN'...I AIM
TUN GIT A GOOD
HOUR'S START
ON 'EM!



PULL UP, THUNDER
ARROW! YAA-HOO!
VAMOOSE, BRONCS
...LET'S SEE YUH
RAISE THE
DUST!

BANG!



SOUTH! WE'RE HEADIN' FER DOS ARROYOS, THUNDER ARROW--AN' YUH'RE GOIN' TUH BACK UP MUH STORY THAT MEXICAN APACHES ARE RAIDIN' ACROSS THE BORDER!

THE FOOL DOESN'T KNOW WE HAVE TAKEN THE WARPATH ON GENERAL POSADA'S ORDERS--**AND THAT DOS ARROYOS WILL BE A DEATH TRAP!**



SOUTHWARD INTO THE DESERT OF SONORA HEAD THE TWO RIDERS-- AND THE LONELY WASTELAND MAKES FOR A GUARDED COMRADESHIP!

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME, INJUN JONES! YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN MY **SCALP** TO POSADA!

THAT'S NOT MUH STYLE, THUNDER ARROW! YUH'RE SHORE ENOUGH MUH **PRISONER**--BUT I'VE NEVER PLUGGED AN UN-ARMED HOMBRE--LEAST OF ALL AN **APACHE!**



AFTER A GRUELING RIDE--DOS ARROYOS! BUT AS THE GRIM ADOBE WALLS LOOM NEARER--

INJUN JONES-- WAIT! MY HEART IS NO LONGER BLACK-- YOU SPARED MY LIFE--AND I CANNOT BE-TRAY YOU!

CRIMPIN' COYOTES-- HOLD ON! **THAT'S VICKIE'S HOSS!**



SH-HH!



THAR SHE IS--AN' **TOMAHAWK!** LAY LOW, THUNDER ARROW-- I AIM TUH GIT AN EARFUL!



YOU ARE WONDERING HOW **WE** WILL GET CONTROL OF ARIZONA AFTER OUR APACHES HAVE CAPTURED IT? THAT IS EASY, **AMIGO**--**MY TROOPS WILL KILL THEM OFF!**

TREACHEROUS DOGS! MY WARRIORS AND I HAVE BEEN TRICKED--**POSADA AND HIS GARRISON ARE READY TO TURN AGAINST US!**

S'POSE WE SHOW 'EM WHAT A COUPLE OF APACHES KIN DO, PARDNER?

A MOMENT LATER--

GOOD HEAVENS--INJUN!

TOOK A WHILE GITTIN' HERE, VICKIE-- BUT I'M MAKIN' UP FER THAT!

BANG!





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NAME _____
(please print with pencil)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

EASY MARK

MIKE KEEVER, THE dentist for Highbutte and about three other neighboring small western towns, reached over the stranger and picked up his forceps. He swished them around professionally in a bottle of alcohol.

"Stranger in town, hey?" Mike asked pleasantly. "Seems like I've seen you somewhere before."

"If ya did," the stranger said, "it was west of the Platte River. Never been this far east before." He looked fiercely at Mike. "Quit jabberin' and yank that tooth!" He laid a warning hand on one of his holsters.

Mike hurriedly opened the stranger's big mouth, looked around for the aching tooth and snapped the forceps on it. He took his time about pulling it. The stranger got his money's worth. Getting up, he slapped two dollars in Mike's hand and left.

Outside, Ruff Kellin...the stranger...headed for the bar. He had some thinking as well as drinking to do. Obviously, the peppery little dentist had recognized him! Matter of fact, Ruff seemed to remember seeing the dentist somewhere. But he couldn't remember where.

Suddenly he slapped his holster in decision. The dentist would have to go...in fact, all the way to Boot Hill! It would have to be a one-way trip. Ruff couldn't afford to have anybody on his tail and so close. Too many lawmen were on it already.

Cautious inquiry disclosed that Mike Keever lived in back of his dentist shop. The little man, it seemed, seldom went out, just kept quietly to himself. Ruff hung around the saloon until nightfall. Then, after the light in Mike Keever's office went out, Ruff eased himself out of the saloon into the now

dark, deserted street.

He circled round the opposite house, went down an alley between a feed store and a harness shop and emerged in a back lane.

Down a few yards was the back door he sought. This led directly, so far as he could see, into what looked like a living room, judging from the curtains. He couldn't see through the windows. They were too high up.

Ruff kicked back the door and went in menacingly.

"We were expectin' you, Kellin!" the first man with the tin-star said. Another nodded. Between them, little Mike Keever sat rocking in a rocking chair, calmly smoking a pipe. Ruff's eyes dropped in panic, his hands twitching toward his guns. Instantly the first tin-star man had him covered.

"They're lookin' for you at the State Penitentiary, Kellin," the tin-star said. "You busted out, all right, but thanks to Mike Keever, here, you'll go back!"

"I was sure he'd recognized me," Keever said. "That's why I figured he'd try to kill me tonight."

"But how..." began Ruff desperately.

"I recognized you from a gold cap on a molar," Keever said. "That's why I asked you where you were from. When you said you'd never been east of the Platte, I figured you'd busted out of jail. Because the last time I saw you was way east...in the penitentiary! So I telegraphed. When I got back an answer that you'd busted out, I notified our sheriff!" He looked at the puzzled Ruff and laughed grimly. "You see, I was once there myself. That's when I capped that bum molar of yours... when I was *prison dentist*! After all, I ought to know *my own work*!"

BURSTING LIKE A BOMB-SHELL THROUGH THE BLOOD-STAINED AND GALLANT PAGES OF TEXAN HISTORY, CAME THE HARDEST RIDING, FASTEST SHOOTING, TOUGHEST BAND OF MEN THE WILD WEST EVER KNEW...
THE TEXAS RANGERS!

THE TEXAS RANGERS



THE TEXAS RANGERS CAME INTO EXISTENCE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC, WHEN PRESIDENT SAM HOUSTON DETERMINED TO STAMP OUT INDIAN DEPREDATIONS AND BORDER TROUBLES WITH THE MEXICANS!

JACK, YOU KNOW THIS REPUBLIC IS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE A STANDING ARMY, SO WE'VE GOT TO ORGANIZE A GROUP OF **VOLUNTEERS** TO DEFEND OUR BORDERS! YOU WERE ONE OF THE TOP LEADERS OF THE OLD TEXAS SCOUTS, AND I WANT **YOU** TO FORM A NEW BAND OF **TEXAS RANGERS** TO TAKE CARE OF THE INDIANS AND MEXICANS!

I'LL DO IT, MR. PRESIDENT... OR MUH NAME AIN'T **JACK HAYS!**



THE WORD SOON SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF TEXAS THAT THE FAMED JACK HAYS WAS LOOKING FOR TOUGH VOLUNTEERS TO HELP DEFEND THE REPUBLIC...AND TEXANS FLOCKED TO THE **COLORS!**



THE HOSTILE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT HAD BEEN CONSTANTLY STIRRING UP THE COMANCHE INDIANS TO HARASS THE FRONTIER SETTLERS...BUT WHEN THE **TEXAS RANGERS** BEGAN HARRASSING THE COMANCHES, THE REDSKINS FLED FURTHER AND FURTHER WESTWARD UNTIL THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT OF TEXAS!



BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY SCALP-HUNTING INDIANS THEY KILLED, THE RANGERS STILL WEREN'T HAPPY...

BLAST IT, JACK, THESE SINGLE-SHOT PISTOLS WE'RE USIN' DON'T SHOOT OR KILL **FAST** ENOUGH!

HMM, I'VE HEARD TELL OF A GENT NAMED **SAM COLT** WHO'S JUST INVENTED A NEW **SIX-SHOOTIN'** REVOLVER IN NEW YORK! SUPPOSIN' YUH GO THAR, WALKER, AN' ORDER A **THOUSAND** SIX-SHOOTERS FER THE REPUBLIC O' TEXAS!





RANGER SAMUEL WALKER'S COMBAT EXPERIENCE WAS INVALUABLE TO SAM COLT IN NEW YORK! WORKING TOGETHER, THE TWO MEN DESIGNED A NEW MODEL WHICH BECAME KNOWN AS THE "WALKER" REVOLVER...ONE THAT COULD BE RELOADED WITHOUT DISMOUNTING! THE RANGERS, OF COURSE, WERE DELIGHTED WITH THEIR NEW WEAPONS!

WHAT A SIX-SHOOTER...IT'S THE BEST IN THE WEST!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



THE RANGERS AND THEIR NEW SIX-GUNS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR, ROUTING THE ENEMY WITH THEIR DEADLY FIRE IN EVERY ENGAGEMENT!

CARRAMBA...THE AMERICANOS CAN SHOOT SIX TIMES TO OUR ONE! FLEE!

BANG!
BANG!



WITH THE MEXICANS DEFEATED, THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC WAS ADMITTED INTO THE UNION...BUT THE TEXAS RANGERS DIDN'T DISBAND! ALTHOUGH THEIR FIRST LOYALTY WAS NOW TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THEY WERE STILL TEXANS, SWORN TO DEFEND THE LONE STAR STATE!



THERE WAS OFTEN FIERCE RIVALRY FOR HONORS BETWEEN THE NEW FEDERAL TROOPS AND THE TEXAS RANGERS...BUT WHEN GOVERNOR E. J. DAVIS FAILED TO MAINTAIN PEACE AND ORDER WITH THE FEDERALS ALONE, HE WAS RELUCTANTLY FORCED TO CALL IN RANGER CAPTAIN L. H. MCNELLY, ONE OF THE MOST FAMED RANGERS OF ALL!

CAPTAIN MCNELLY, I...I'VE FINALLY REALIZED THAT THE FEDERAL TROOPS CAN'T KEEP ORDER WITHOUT YOUR HELP! WE...WE NEED YOU AND THE TEXAS RANGERS!

WE'LL ENFORCE THE PEACE, GUV'NOR...JEST KEEP THE FEDS OUT OF OUR WAY!



LAW AND ORDER WERE SOON RESTORED THROUGHOUT THE STATE...AND OUTLAWS AND RENEGADES WERE HUNTED DOWN ONE BY ONE BY THE GRIM, IMPLACABLE FOES OF LAWLESSNESS KNOWN AS THE TEXAS RANGERS!



YES, FOR A HUNDRED YEARS THE TEXAS RANGERS SYMBOLIZED THE BEST OF TEXAN COURAGE AND THE BEST OF WESTERN JUSTICE...AND THEY LEFT A HERITAGE THAT TEXANS AND AMERICANS ALIKE CAN WELL BE PROUD OF!

BANTAM BUCKAROO



WHEN FIVE-FEET-FOUR
OF CALAMITY TANGLES
WITH FIVE-FEET-FOUR OF
DISASTER, THE WHOLE
SHEBANG'S GOING TO BE BLOWN
SKY-HIGH -- STRONG MEN ARE
GOING TO CRINGE AND DROP THEIR
SIX-GUNS -- AND MOUNTAIN LIONS
ARE GOING TO STREAK FOR THE
TALL TIMBER! NEVER BEFORE HAS
THE **BANTAM BUCKAROO** GOT
HIMSELF INTO A RUCKUS LIKE THIS...
WHEN HE SQUARES OFF EYE TO EYE
WITH THE **ORNERIEST** BANDIT
IN THE RANGE COUNTRY!

LATE ONE EVENING...

RECKON IT'S GITTIN' TOO DARK TUH
TRACK THOSE STRAYS MIKE ASKED
US TUH FIND, BRONC--
SO WE MIGHT
JEST AS WELL
LET 'EM GO
TILL MORNIN'!

SUDDENLY--

CRIMPERS--
WONDER
WHO **THAT**
KIN BE?

WHINIEEE!



THAT GALLOOT WOULDN'T
BE SO KEEN ON SLIPPIN'
AWAY UNLESS HE'S UP
TUH SOMETHIN'!
VAMOOSE, BRONC--
LET'S FIND
OUT!



HE'S SLAPPED LEATHER!
HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS--
I'LL BE STOPPIN' A
HEAP O' LEAD
IF I MISS!



IN THE
NEXT
INSTANT--

GOLLY-- THAT
WILD SHOT CUT
MUH ROPE!

BANG!



BACK UP,
BRONC-- HE'S
FIGHTIN'
MAD!

I'M WARNIN'
YUH, PINT SIZE--
DON'T GO FIXIN'
TUH FOLLER ME!

BANG!

YEP-- IT'D BE PLUMB SUICIDE
TUH TRAIL THAT VARMINT **NOW!**
WHEN IT COMES TUH GUNPLAY,
THAT'S **MIKE'S** DEPARTMENT--
E'D BETTER HIGHTAIL BACK
TUH THE RANCH AN'
SPREAD THE NEWS!

AN HOUR LATER--

JEST ONE WADDY
ON HIS LONESOME,
YUH SAY? WAS
HE AN UNDER-
SLUNG HOMBRE
ABOUT **YORE**
SIZE, LOBO--
WITH A BIG
BLACK
MUSTACHE?

COULDN'T
RIGHTLY
MAKE
HIM OUT
IN THE
DARK, MIKE--
BUT HE DIDN'T
LOOK LIKE
ANY RUNT TUH
ME! HOW
COME YUH
ASKED?

THE SHERIFF'S SHORE THAT
THIS HERE SIDEWINDER'S
BEEN RAISIN' SAND IN
THESE PARTS, LOBO! HE'S
FIVE-FOOT-FOUR O' PURE
CUSSEDNESS-- AN' WHEN
HE SLAPS LEATHER,
YUH MIGHT AS WELL
HAVE YORE **TOMB-
STONE** PICKED!



**WANTED
DERRINGER
DAN**

CRIMPERS, MIKE-- HE'S WANTED FER EVERYTHIN' FROM RUSTLIN' TUH ROAD-ROBBERY! BUT WHAR'D HE GIT THAT MONICKER-- **DERRINGER DAN?**

BACK IN THE OL' DAYS, THAR WAS A KIND O' SHOOTIN' IRON CALLED A **DERRINGER**-- SHORT, STUBBY, AN' **DANGEROUS!** WAL-- **THAT** JEST ABOUT DESCRIBES THAT HALF PINT O' PIZEN YUH'RE LOOKIN' AT!

GOLLY-- I SHORE HOPE YUH NEVER HAVE TUH SWAP LEAD WITH **HIM**, MIKE!

YUH RECKON I'D EVEN **BOTHER** TUH SLAP LEATHER IF I MET UP WITH DERRINGER DAN? NOSSIR, I'D JEST REAR BACK QUIET-LIKE AN' TELL HIM MUH NAME -- AN' GET HIM TUH TREMBLIN' SO HARD HE'D DISLOCATE BOTH WRISTS BEFORE HE COULD DRAW!

SUFFERIN' SASSA-FRAS-- I NEVER FIGURED YUH WERE **THAT** ORNERY, MIKE!

I DON'T LIKE TUH TOOT MUH OWN HORN, SON, BUT WHEN I START PAWIN' DIRT-- IT COMES UNDER THE HEADIN' OF A MAJOR DISASTER!



NEXT DAY--

WONDER WHAT WOULD **REALLY** HAPPEN IF MIKE THOUGHT HE WAS COMIN' FACE TUH FACE WITH DERRINGER DAN? MEBBE NOW THAT I'M SHORE HE WOULDN'T START SHOOTIN'-- I KIN **FIND OUT!**



AN HOUR LATER--

THAR'S THE BIGGEST PAIR O' CAP PISTOLS I'VE GOT IN STOCK, LOBO-- AN' THE FAKE MUSTACHE AN' OTHER TRUCK YUH WANT! WHAT DO YUH AIM TUH DO WITH THIS GETUP, ANYHOW?

YUH'LL SAVVY SOON ENOUGH-- WHEN MIKE TEARS INTUH TOWN LOOKIN' FER THE **SHERIFF!**



SOON AFTERWARD--

WHAT IN SAM HILLYUH GITTIN' SO EXCITED ABOUT, CHESTY?

THAT HALF-PINT! **HE'S** THE ONE I TANGLED WITH OUT ON THE RANGE LAST NIGHT!



THAR'S NO TELLIN' WHETHER HE TRAILED YUH TUH THE HIDEOUT AFTER YUH GOT AWAY-- BUT NOW THAT WE'RE READY TUH TEAM UP WITH **DERRINGER DAN**-- WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! LET'S GIT AFTER THAT KID-- AN' **SEE HOW MUCH HE KNOWS!**



A MILE OUTSIDE TOWN--

MIKE MENTIONED HE'D BE DRIVIN' IN FER SUPPLIES-- SO I MIGHT AS WELL GIT INTUH MUH DISGUISE AN' WAIT FER HIM! YEP-- THIS'LL BE SOMETHIN' I KIN JOSH MIKE ABOUT FER YARS!



CRIMPIN' COYOTES, BLAZE -- DO YUH RECOGNIZE THAT SOMBRERO AN' BANDANNA?

THAT KID'S FIXIN' TUH USE THAT OUTFIT FER SOME KIND O' TRICK! NOW I'M **SHORE** HE SAVVIES YUH WERE OUT LOOKIN' FER DERRINGER DAN LAST NIGHT!



HEY!



CRIMPIN' COYOTES-- **BLAZE LARKIN!**

YUH'RE SPROUTIN' HANDLEBARS A MIGHT EARLY, SMALL FRY-- AN' WHEN DERRINGER DAN SHOWS UP-- YUH'RE LIKELY TUH BE SPROUTIN' **DAISIES!** GIT MOUNTED!



AN HOUR LATER--

HOWDY, EPH! KNOW WHAR I KIN FIND LOBO?

I KIN GIVE YUH A GENERAL IDEE, MIKE! WHEN YUH MEET UP WITH A RUNT WHO'S THE SPITTIN' IMAGE O' DERRINGER DAN-- THAT'LL BE **LOBO!**



HEH-HEH! I HAD AN IDEE LOBO WOULD TRY SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT! WAL-- THE YOUNG SCAMP'S GOIN' TUH FIND HE'LL HAVE TUH GIT UP PRETTY EARLY IN THE MORNIN' TUH **BUFFALO ME!**



SOON AFTERWARD--

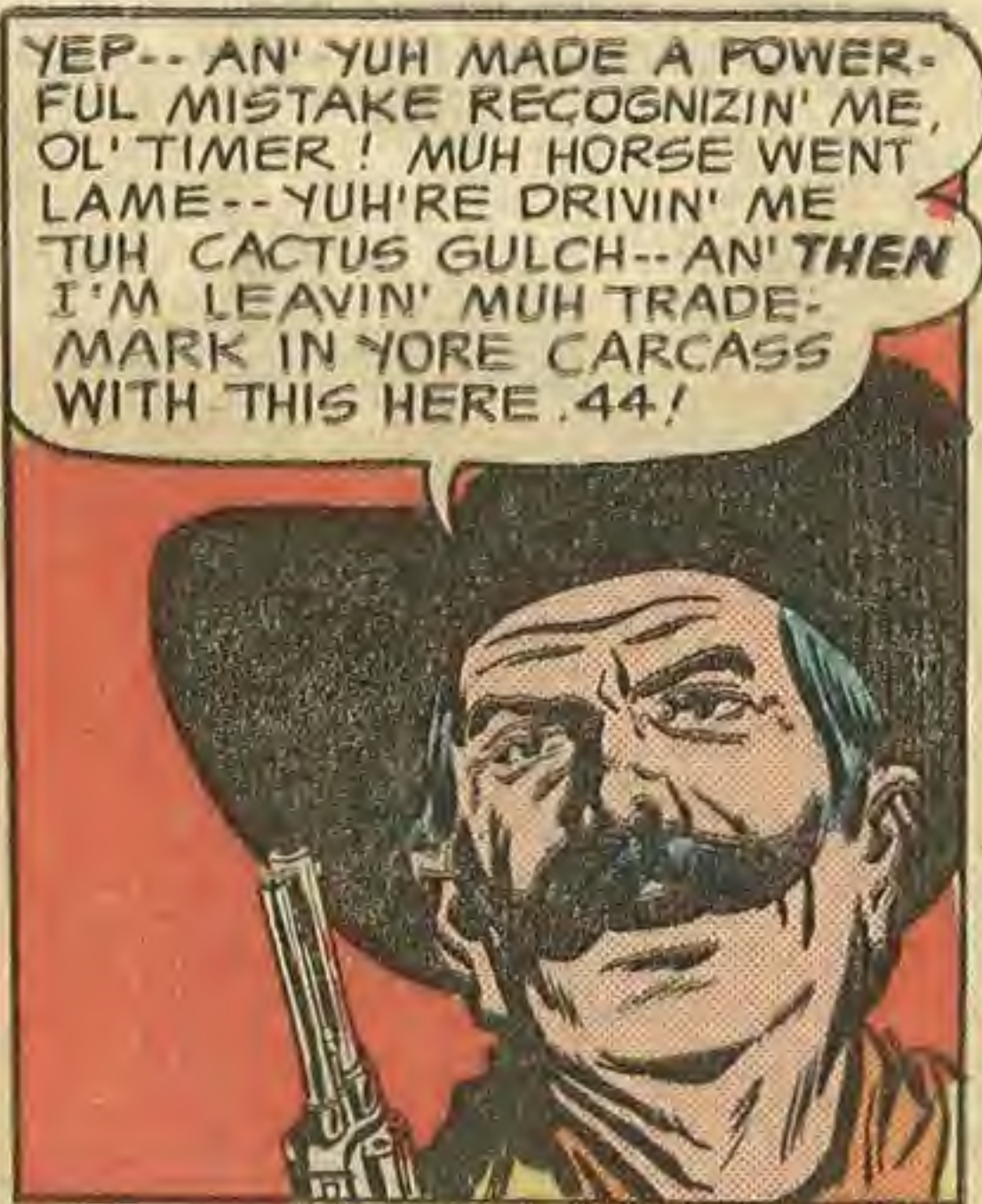
RECKON I'LL BE MEETIN' UP WITH LOBO PURTY SOON -- AN' I AIM TUH GIVE AS GOOD AS I GIT! IT **SHORE** BEATS THE LIMIT-- TRYIN' TUH FOOL ME WITH TOY SIX-GUNS AN' A TRICK MUSTACHE!





GRAB SKY, PARDNER!

RUSTLE MUH DOGIES---IT'S HIM-- THE ONE AN' ONLY DERRINGER DAN!



YEP-- AN' YUH MADE A POWERFUL MISTAKE RECOGNIZIN' ME, OL' TIMER! MUH HORSE WENT LAME-- YUH'RE DRIVIN' ME TUH CACTUS GULCH-- AN' THEN I'M LEAVIN' MUH TRADE-MARK IN YORE CARCASS WITH THIS HERE .44!



YUH'RE GOIN' TUH NEED A HEAP MORE'N CAP PISTOLS FER THAT, DERRINGER DAN!

UF!



HUH? THIS MUST BE THE REAL DERRINGER DAN!

BANG!



IN THE NEXT SECOND--

DAD BLAME IT-- WHOA!

WAK!



CRASH!

WAL, WAL!

A MINUTE LATER--

WAIT'LL LOBO FINDS OUT I GOT DERRINGER DAN HAWG-TIED WITHOUT EVEN PULLIN' IRON-- THAT'LL PUT A SPOKE IN HIS WHEEL! BUT FIRST I AIM TUH DO THINGS UP BROWN-- AN' SEE WHY THIS HERE PEANUT WAS HANKERIN' TUH GIT TUH CACTUS GULCH!





SOON AFTERWARD--

LOOK UP THAR!
IS THAT A
WAGON
BOUNCIN'
ALONG?

JUMPIN'
JIMSON!
MIKE--
WATCH
YORESELF!



THIS'LL LARN
YUH TUH KEEP
YORE YAP SHUT,
BUB!

WAK!



THAT OL'
COOT'S GOT
DERRINGER DAN!
**SLAP
LEATHER!**

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'--
IT'S A GOOD THING I
TURNED THE WAGON SO'S
I KIN TAKE COVER
BEHIND
THEM
SACKS!

BANG!

BANG!



THEN--
SLICK GOIN',
BLAZE--YUH
CREASED
HIM!

BANG!



KEEP YORE
EYE ON SMALL
STUFF, CHESTY!
WE'RE GOIN' UP
AN' **FINISH
OFF** THE OL'
BUZZARD!



MEBBE I'M ASKIN'
FER MORE'N I
KIN HANDLE--
**BUT I CAN'T
LET THEM
SIDEWINDERS
PLUG MIKE!**

HEY,
YUH--
DROP
THAT
STICK!



ANYTHIN'
YUH SAY,
CRUMB-
BUN!

OW!



THE BANTAM BUCKAROO SLAMS THROUGH ANOTHER RIPSNOTTING ADVENTURE-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END

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GANG!

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LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—in EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

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Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And, won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man," who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



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No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

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